Come, guard the doore without, let him not paſſe,
But kill him rather; Ile after that ſame villaine,
For tis a damned ſlaue. *Exit* Mont. *and* Gratiano.
Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But euery puny whipſter gets my ſword:
But why ſhould honour out-liue honeſty?
Let it goe all.
Em. What did thy ſong bode Lady?
Harke, canſt thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And die in muſicke; *willow, willow, willow.*
Moore, ſhe was chaſt, ſhe lou'd thee cruell Moore,
So come my ſoule to bliſſe, as I ſpeake true;
So ſpeaking as I thinke, I die, I die. *ſhe dies.*
Oth. I haue another weapon in this chamber,
It is a ſword of *Spaine*, the Iſebrookes temper:
O here it is; Vncle, I muſt come forth. Gra. *within.*
Gra. If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee deere,
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.
Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and ſpeake to me,
Or naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.
Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold, I haue a weapon,
A better neuer did it ſelfe ſuſtaine
Vpon a Soldiers thigh: I haue ſeene the day,
That with this little arme, and this good ſword,
I haue made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your ſtop: but O vaine boaſt,
Who can controule his fate? tis not ſo now.
Be not affraid, though you doe ſee me weapon'd;
Here is my iournies end, here is my butte,
The very Sea-marke of my vtmoſt ſaile.
Doe you goe backe diſmaid? tis a loſt feare,
Man but a ruſh againſt *Othello's* breaſt,
And he retires. Where ſhould *Othello* goe?
How doſt thou looke now? O ill ſtar'd wench,
Pale as thy ſmocke; when we ſhall meet at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my ſoule from heauen,
And fiends will ſnatch at it: cold, cold, my girle,

Euen

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